

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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HED HAD NO SHOW.

By S. W. Foss.

Joe had 'ad set upon a keg
Down to the grocery store, an' throw
One leg right over 'other leg
An' swear he'd never had no show.
"O, no," said Joe,
"Hain't had no show."
Then shift his quid to 'other jaw,
An' chaw, an' chaw, an' chaw, an' chaw.

He said he got no start in life,
Didn't get no money from his dad,
The washing took in by his wife
Earned all the funds he ever had.
"O, no," said Joe,
"Hain't had no show."
An' then he'd look up at the clock
An' talk, an' talk, an' talk, an' talk.

"I've waited twenty years—let's see—
Yes, twenty-four, an' never struck,
Altho' I've got 'em patiently.
The fast tarantula streak of luck.
"O, no," said Joe,
"Hain't had no show."
Then struck like mules to the spot,
An' sot, an' sot, an' sot, an' sot.

"I've come down real' every day
For twenty years to Piper's store;
I've got in a patient way,
Say, hain't I Piper?" Piper swore,
"I tell ye, Joe,
Yer hain't no show;
Yer too—too—patient"—her hull ratt
Just laffed, an' laffed, an' laffed, an' laffed.

THE DEFENDER OF DESTINY

When Stanley Morton came to the end of his rope he was spared one of the most usual miseries of that calamity. There was no one depending upon him; there was no one whom he was especially called upon to consider.

In his room between 8 and 9 o'clock in the evening he wrote two brief letters of farewell to relatives who had expressed sympathy with his recent misfortunes, and one to a girl whom he had not seen in three years. There had been a time when he had fancied himself in love with this girl, but common sense might have told him that the affair had been no more than a flirtation, less serious, indeed, than several others in his career; a playing with fire in which both parties had fortunately escaped injury. His letter might cause a few tears; otherwise there was no reason to expect any in that quarter.

Yet when a young man has eaten his last dinner and is sitting alone with a revolver in a dreary room whose walls seem to be slowly closing in upon him and crowding him like the sides of a coffin he is liable to a sentimental weakness, a self pity which makes him yearn to tell his sad story to somebody who will be afflicted sympathetically. So Morton had written the letter to the girl and had found himself shedding tears over it and fancying it a really remarkable literary production. As he was preparing to seal it he read it through again, smiled bitterly and contemptuously at its absurdity and threw it into the fire.

He had expected to have enough money to pay for such simple services as his mortal part might require, but there had been an error in his calculations. In paying his bill at the boarding house, after dinner, he had discovered that the amount of the accumulated indebtedness was considerably larger than he had supposed. There remained to him therefore the sum of \$2.20, which was entirely insufficient to meet the requirement of the situation. It was not to be helped, however. The best thing he could do was to inclose certain pawn tickets in an envelope, with directions for their use. Perhaps the value of the articles in excess of the loans that had been made upon them might be enough to satisfy an undertaker. The revolver, too, would be worth something.

As to the small amount of cash, there came to him a temptation to spend it. A strain of music had been haunting him all day, and at this juncture he remembered that the orchestra in a German beer garden on the east side sometimes played the piece. He would like to hear it again. Perhaps also there was an unrecognized intention of stimulating his courage in the most unworthy fashion ever devised by man; at any rate, he found himself thinking of a good wine which was sold at moderate price in that garden. Music gave him good thoughts, as a rule—sweetened his mind. And he had felt that he was dying too bitterly. In the confusion of his weary brain it seemed a gentle thing to go and listen for an hour or two to the excellent music of Herr Steinert's orchestra.

While it seemed to him that he was still considering the matter, his hands had found his hat and coat and his legs had carried him out of the room. On the stairs he met a colored boy employed in the house, and was suddenly seized with the temptation to give the money to him. Why? He had never liked the boy, and had always thought him a bad servant. Clearly the impulse was not honest, and Morton preferred sincere selfishness to an insincere charity.

The beer garden was exceptionally bright and cheerful on this particular evening at the first glance, but when Morton had seated himself and ordered the wine he discovered that his closest neighbors were a party of coarse people, respectable enough undoubtedly, by the usual narrow rule laid down for such judgments, yet offensive in a variety of ways. The women wore many diamonds in the same manner that an ill-trained and slattern clerk in a store will sometimes hold up a neck scarf under his own chin to show how it would look on a gentleman. The men displayed large sums of money when they paid the meager charges for their refreshment.

Yet these people must in a sense be regarded as the winners in the very game which had proved too much for Morton. His trouble was, or at least seemed to be, pecuniary. The sight of these successful competitors made Morton the more willing to abandon the contest, and yet, after a little while, perhaps under the influence of the wine, a desire for further striving began to take possession of him.

He did not doubt and had never doubted his ability to struggle with the future, but the present had him by the windpipe. He was the victim of a partnership. His business associate had stripped him bare and wrecked the enterprise by a series of frauds that were the more easily successful because of their irrational, profitless and ludicrous absurdity. If Morton had a few hundred dollars for immediate needs he would have felt that there was a possibility of beginning to repair the damage, but he had been left without resources and he could not take care of himself and the wreckage of the business at the same time. Moreover, he was exhausted, overstrained and nervously prostrated. He had therefore chosen rest. Yet when the wine warmed his heart he began to perceive how easy it would be for fate to rescue him even at this last moment if the powers above so willed it.

He lingered over the wine and the dreams, bought a little food at last and a good cigar, and near midnight emerged from the garden absolutely penniless. A few drops of rain were falling and the air was sharp. Outside the circle of the garden's lights the street seemed oppressively dark. He must walk a long way, and he dreaded the goal of it. Upon the pall of the damp and dark night he saw a vision of his dreary room; he saw the broad, green topped table and his own form fallen forward upon it, the head upon the arms, with a widening red stain around it all. Some old word that had been said to him in praise of his intractable tangle of yellow hair came back to him with an absurd effect of pathos.

In the midst of this dreaming there came a great thrill. He stopped, hesitated a moment whether to proceed or to return, and at last retraced his steps. It seemed to him that all this happened before he became aware of the cause. He had seen something lying upon the sidewalk, but he was already stooping to pick it up before he realized that the sight of this thing had brought him back.

It was a small roll of money, fastened with an elastic band. Morton stepped into a hallway where a dim light burned and counted his treasure—counted it a dozen times before he was sure of the result. Three hundred and twenty dollars—not very much, but enough.

"I am out of it, out of it!" Morton repeated aloud, over and over again. "This takes care of me, and I'll take care of everything else."

He thrust the money into his pocket and walked briskly along the street. With the assistance of fate he was undoubtedly committing a species of robbery, yet his controlling sentiment was one of deep and (if the word may be pardoned) reverent gratitude. He seemed to be looking upward toward the Supreme Beneficence with the overpowering and utterly simple thankfulness of a child. And all the while some primitive instinct, deep seated, was saying for him: "I'll remember this. I'll make this good to some other poor devil before I die."

It would be singular in such a world of sin as this if an enthusiast for benevolence should need to wait long before finding an object upon which to bestow help. To Morton the chance came speedily and in a most surprising form.

As he strode along through the night that was not cold any more nor in the least degree unpleasant in his estimation he was aware of a woman who came down the steps of a high stoop house. She was in sharp silhouette to him, for there was a bright electric light on the corner beyond her. To Morton she seemed young and well dressed, and he fancied that her looks must match this unsubstantial impression. So much in a moment. Then he perceived that she staggered slightly upon the steps and saved herself by a good grip of the iron railing, leaning at last against the stone pillar at the bottom as if unable to stand without support.

She was still leaning there when Morton passed, and he caught a good glimpse of her face, though she tried to shield it with her hand. He saw that she was scarcely beyond girlhood and that she had the look of innocence and sincerity, the unspoiled look one sees so rarely in great cities, even upon the faces of those who might honestly wear it. He saw also, that she had big brown eyes and that there were tears in them.

Morton's pace carried him beyond the girl, and he was hardly new enough to startle her when he suddenly wheeled around.

"It would be the greatest favor that one human being ever did to another," said he, "if you'd tell me what's the trouble and let me try to help you out of it."

The girl's hand dropped from before her face. She stared at him with an expression which, combined with her attitude as she stood backed firmly against the stone pillar, gave a strong effect of defiance.

"I couldn't go by," said he, "and leave you standing there with tears in your eyes. Forgive me."

"You are very kind," said the girl, "but there really isn't anything to do."

He perceived that she had lost her first fear of him; that she believed him to be sincere. She did so believe, and the explanation is the best in the world—he really was sincere; he hadn't an impulse in his heart except the single desire to help her.

"There is always something to be done," said Morton, and his voice had a ring of earnestness and cheer that surprised him very much. "Don't say that there isn't; don't think it."

He had taken a step or two toward her. She was looking up into his face with a searching curiosity, partly due to the singularity of his manner and partly to the unfavorable position of the light, which was almost directly behind him.

"And now," said he, "that we have stated our creed and nailed our colors to the mast, let's hear what's the trouble."

"I haven't any place to go," said the girl, with the frankness of desperation.

"I am locked out of this house, where I've been living. All my things are in there. I haven't so much as a handkerchief nor—nor an umbrella," she added, as a few heavy drops of rain flashed in the strong rays of the lamp. "That woman is holding them for my bill. She can hold them till the day of judgment. I can't help it and I don't particularly want to."

Morton's mind had been clarified by his recent contemplation of death, and the sun of his new hope was rising in a calm and vivid atmosphere. He beheld certain matters in this world with an unaccustomed accuracy of vision, and it seemed to him a crime as black as murder that this girl should have

been cast upon the street at midnight for a debt.

"Locked out?" he said, and he glanced at the house with a shudder. "I think your landlady's grandfather must have been a wrecker, one of those fellows who prowled along the rocks for the treasure of lost ships and cut off the hands that were thrust up to them for help out of the sea. There she is, peeping at us around the edge of that curtain."

"She knows I'm here," replied the girl; "but she doesn't believe I've got any money, and so she doesn't answer the bell. I rang only once. I haven't the heart to face her."

"If you could go to some friend's house for the night?"—Morton began.

The girl shook her head with a quick, impatient movement.

"There is none whom I can go to in such a strait as this," she said.

"I've been trying to earn my living by little, foolish decorative painting on china. I'm quite good at it, but I'm useless and silly in money matters. I've been running behind constantly and drawing upon a tiny legacy to help out. But that's all gone."

Morton was staggered, as a man always is by the industrial problem of the opposite sex when presented in the concrete. But his faith in Providence was too recent to be shaken.

"It doesn't make a bit of difference," he said. "You can get along somehow. I'll lend you money enough to pay this bill and tide over the immediate future. Now please don't deny me this pleasure. If you knew how I feel about it you'd see that it's your positive duty to let me be of this small service to you."

"Really, I can't," said she. "You must see yourself that it's impossible. If I had hope of paying you—if I weren't a proved failure!"

"At your age!" he exclaimed. "Child, you amaze me. Why, you haven't begun to make a fight yet. You will conquer this world and have it under your heel before you get through with it. I can read so much in your eyes."

"I wish I had your pluck," she replied. "I can read that in every line of your voice and hear it in every tone of your voice. But I'm a coward," she continued in a high pitched tone that foretold more tears. "Don't waste your time trying to help me."

"If you think that I will leave you here upon the street in this plight," he said, "you haven't read my face very well. Talk of impossibilities! That's a real one. And there's no reason for your despair. Believe me, I understand it. No man could understand it better. I have had my own despair and I have had my lesson. Hope, hope even! The gods may sometimes pity a coward—I know of one instance of the kind—but they give all that courage asks because they feel that the payment is due. Now let's go up and ring that door bell."

"You despise my cowardice," she began.

"No, I don't," he protested. "I have no right—least of all men. But I see your error. It is always wrong and foolish to give way. The strength of one's heart is irresistible, if one will trust it and go forward fearlessly. You mustn't think that I'm always preaching like this, or that I intend to keep you out on these cold stones all night to hearken to my exalted wisdom. My real business is with that door bell."

In his enthusiasm he overlooked the fact that the interview with the hard hearted landlady might present some cause for embarrassment to the young lady, and, indeed, she herself had not gone so far as to consider this feature of the matter.

"Wait one moment!" she cried. "I don't want you to think that I'm too easily thrown into despair; but—really it has been very hard. My little property was in the hands of a trustee, a lawyer who lives in Brooklyn. He has doled it out to me most disagreeably, and this evening, when I went over there to ask him for some more, to pay this bill, he was simply atrocious. We had a desperate interview, I assure you, and it ended by his cheating me most disgracefully."

"It did!" cried Morton. "Well,

we'll attend to his case to-morrow. What did he do?"

"He paid me what he said remained due to me," she answered. "It was not more than half, but he made me sign a receipt in full, and then he practically turned me out of his house. My father's friend—fancy it!"

"He paid you?" echoed Morton. "Why, I thought you said—'What did you do with it?'"

"I lost it," said the girl in a choked whisper. "I put it in the bosom of my dress. It was in a roll—\$320—and it must have fallen out."

There was a silence between them, in the midst of which Morton could hear vague noises from the four boundaries of the great city—cries, laughter and a strange clamor of the heartless fighting of sayages. Then it all passed away.

"Thank God!" he cried. "I found it. Here it is."

He put the money into her hand, and, taking her almost roughly by the arm, he helped her up the steps.

"Now you're all right," he said. "You've had your lesson, as I had mine—you'll remember my mentioning it. Never despair again. There are strange ways in this world. There are, indeed, hard and cruel ways that lead out of it. But in all the ways all's well! Remember that. Good night."

"But I haven't thanked you! I must see you again. You haven't told me who you are," the girl was babbling, while the tears streamed down her cheeks.

"Here is my card," said he. "If you will permit me to call—Tomorrow? Yes; yes, to-morrow."

He was on the dark street again, walking rapidly.

"I've been talking through my hat to that girl," he said to himself, "but by the living jingo I've got to stand by it now. After what I said to her I can't be such a whelp as to—No, no; it won't do. I must fight the thing through somehow."

Good Printers in Demand.

The following from the December number of *The Inland Printer*, the leading trade journal of the world in the printing and allied industries, is published with the hope that it may inspire the boys of the printing class to "do nobler things, not dream them all day long," and thus equip themselves with a working knowledge of the trade, so that they may, in part, fill this demand for good printers:

"Notwithstanding the introduction of typesetting machines, there has never been a time when good, all-round, sober, competent printers were in greater demand than at present. Of course, there are many unemployed among the plain compositor, get-drunk-Saturday-night class, but the up-to-date job and book printer, able to work in any sort of harness' kind, are hard to get and will always remain so. This should act as an inspiration to the ambitious young man and suggest to him the importance of studying his business until he is proficient in all lines."

An Early to Bed City.

In Vienna every man's home is practically his prison from ten o'clock at night until six in the morning. The Austrian capital is a city of flats, and at ten o'clock each night the entrance door of each block is locked. Any one passing in or out after that time must pay the concierge a fine, the amount of which is four cents up till midnight and eight cents from then till six in the morning. Going out to post a letter after ten o'clock entails the payment of two fees, one for being let out and another for being let in, while prolonging a visit at a friend's after ten o'clock would also involve two fines, the first that one might quit the friend's house and the second that one might enter one's own. The result of this irritating tax is that Vienna is the earliest-to-bed capital in Europe.

The statistics of the petroleum output for last year show a marked decrease in the production of Russia and an increase in that of the United States, which gives us the lead.

SOUTH HAVEN.

Plans for the biggest resort season South Haven has ever known are now under way and actual work for perfecting them has been commenced. The cost of the improvements to be made this summer is estimated at \$150,000.

The city of South Haven will be represented at the St. Louis Exposition by an immense resort bureau. Displays from all South Haven's industries will be made and a complete panorama of the little lakeside city will be shown.

Side trips to the Exposition from South Haven and return, via the Dunkley-Williams transportation Company said last week:

"We are planning the biggest resort season for South Haven the coming summer the city has ever known. Over \$150,000 is to be spent and we intend to make South Haven without question the leading summer resort of the middle west. The successful season of last year has convinced us this can be done and we're going to do it. In addition to the improvements already noted, architects are busy designing a number of new cottages for the city. Resorts adjacent to the city are all being improved and new features added.

"We are working hard to secure the \$400,000 appropriation from the government, and I don't think there is any doubt but that we will succeed. I have received encouraging letters from Congressman Hamilton, Senator Burrows and Hon. T. E. Burton saying that they had personally looked over the ground and believed the proposed improvements were necessary."

"Chicago" suggests that the deaf visitors far or near should, after the closing feature of the World's Congress and National Association at St. Louis, come over the big waves in a body to visit South Haven; the "Newport of the West." There is nothing to drink in South Haven there is nothing to attract the rough and boisterous element, hence it is an ideal place for families to spend the summer. The climate is perfect. Western winds, which prevail during the hot months, sweep over the lake before they reach the shaded shores of South Haven and are thus cooled and refreshing. The bathing is fine. The water is warm enough for comfort and not too warm to be enervating, for the shore is lined for miles with a beach of pure white sand. There are more than two hundred hotels and boarding houses of all grades where board can be had from \$5 a week to \$3 a day. From the roof of any of the high buildings of South Haven you can get a view of a beautiful country and see how peach orchards and the berry fields have spread over the country.

The Baptist Church was the mecca for the deaf-mutes here Christmas Eve. A large number of adults were present with a full attendance of the children. In the rear of the alcove was a tree nicely trimmed and lighted. The program opened with the singing of the hymn "Joy to the World." Miss Ruth Colby sang a solo "Holy Night, Silent Night." The program was almost entirely an improvised one, but included a couple of choruses in costume—a fairy chorus and a Chinese maidens chorus. Little Violet Colby being a Fairy Queen. Two former sung "Christmas Fairies" and the latter "A Trip to Old Chris." The gifts were numerous, and a number of deaf visitors were present and enjoyed the occasion very much. The churches other had trees on Wednesday evening, so as not to interfere with attendance of the Baptist Church exercises, Thursday evening.

Mrs. Joseph Kolhoff spent a few days in Kalamazoo before Christmas and stopped nights with Mrs. Vosne. She reported a grand time. Mr. Kolhoff was in South Haven Christmas in time to say "Merry Christmas," and witness the Baptist Sunday School exercises.

Religious instructions and services are conducted every Sunday afternoon, in the chapel of St. Francis Xavier's College, 30 West 16th Street, New York, under the direction of the Rev. M. E. McCarthy, S. J.

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER'S

Religious instructions and services are conducted every Sunday afternoon, in the chapel of St. Francis Xavier's College, 30 West 16th Street, New York, under the direction of the Rev. M. E. McCarthy, S. J.

The Lee family circle was saddened Christmas week by the hand of death. Mrs. Clarence Lee's old father passed away in St. Joseph on the morning of 26th. They hurried to St. Joseph to attend the funeral. The friends extend their sympathy to them.

Miss Emma Gorsonda is now in St. Joseph visiting her married sister, and will be back in a week or two.

Mrs. Clarence Lee celebrated her birthday, December 19th, by shopping around the town with her children.

The following two paragraphs are clipped from the *Chicago Record-Herald* of last week:

She—"How did Eva happen to marry that deaf and dumb man with four senses?"

He—"Oh, it is that crazy she has for remnants. She thought he must be a bargain."

"A deaf man, lately married, was asked at the club about his bride: 'Is she pretty?' 'No,' replied the deaf gentleman, 'no, she is not. But she will be when her father dies!'"

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Lee had a Christmas tree at home for the first time with many gifts to load it and gladden the hearts of their children. Louis, five years; Sadie, three years and baby, four months old. The children were somewhat afraid of old Santa with his false face, and buffalo robe, but gladly accepted his presents and soon forgot his long, fat and red nose.

One afternoon Mr. Frank Barr was standing on the corner of the business streets near the door of a clothing store as was his habit, lost in contemplation, when a farmer's wife with a big basket under her arm walked up and touched his clothes as she thought him for a clothing dummy and said "Foine."

And another incident on same place, a fashionable party came up to inquire of him how much is the charge for taking them over the bridge as they took him for a hackman as he wore a long cloak and fur gloves walking to and fro.

Mr. Frank Barr is a good fellow among his friends in South Haven. He oiled his New Year's resolutions in December last, and is now on way to meet the difficulties of 1904 with cheerfulness. He is now boarding at the Kolhoff home. He got his instruction in the Flint School. He is pleased with a copy of the *JOURNAL* and will send in one dollar for the year's subscription.

Mr. and Mrs. Colby, Mr. and Mrs. Kolhoff and their mother, Mr. and Mrs. Lee, Misses Ruth and Violet Colby and master Cyril Kolhoff partook of bountiful Christmas dinner at the fashionable restaurant and had a merry time.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Tellier returned home to Kalamazoo, from Wisconsin, before Christmas. Mr. Tellier's father is yet a very sick man.

Mr. and Mrs. Voisine invited Mr. and Mrs. Benson, all of Kalamazoo, to visit the former's deaf parents, Mr. and Mrs. Clark, in Vicksburg, Mich., during Christmas time. They had a fine time.

Mr. Clarence Corey is still in Kalamazoo slugging the types, but probably will return to St. Louis again in near future. He likes Kalamazoo climate better.

Nearly all deaf-mutes in South Haven were at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Kolhoff on the afternoon of New Year's Day, playing the game—flinch. Among the high excited players was Mrs. Colby, who won the victory.

"What does the word *ave* mean?" asked Mr. Barr, and "Chicago" explained that it is the feeling with which one person regards another who has a big thumb.

Mr. Joseph Kolhoff was at home for a few days last week to practice writing "1904."

CHICAGO.

Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 7, 1904.

EDWIN A. HODGSON, Editor.

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"He's true to God, who's true to man:
Wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
Neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

Deaf-Mutes on Dress Parade.

(Mail and Express, Jan. 8, 1904.)

One of the most remarkable sights in New York is not the most unusual, for it may be seen almost every bright Sunday afternoon by a person who knows where to look for it and goes to the proper place. It is a military ceremony—dress parade—by a battalion of boys, not one of whom can hear a sound or speak a word. Yet the battalion assembles at drum beat, marches into position to the sound of drums and bugles and performs all the evolutions that soldiers who can hear and speak perform.

It performs them well, too; a good deal better than some military companies even in the National Guard. Only it goes through its evolutions without the utterance of an order—the commanding officers raise their hands and move their fingers and the boys in the ranks obey the silent commands.

The battalion is composed of students at the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, at Broadway and 163d Street, far up-town on a bluff overlooking the Hudson. It consists of three companies, one made up of "big boys," the other of smaller lads, officered by students, though the battalion itself is commanded by an instructor in the Institution. It was formed some six years ago tentatively, the first military organization among deaf-mutes, but so successful has it been, in disciplining the boys, in teaching them self-control and in aiding them and their instructors in nonmilitary matters, that it has now become a permanent feature in the curriculum of the school, and has been adopted by other similar institutions in the country.

BRISK AND ALERT.

The usual deaf-mute slouches along with dragging step; the boys of the New York Institution step out as if they had all their faculties, stand up straight—straighter than the average boy who is not deaf and dumb—and are brisk and alert, even snappy, in their movements. The change is greatly to their advantage, and is due to their military education. They attack their lessons with an energy due largely to their military training, too.

Every bright Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock, dress parade is held on the lawn of the institution, watched by constantly increasing numbers of spectators. The visitor who knows the place as the school for deaf-mutes will be surprised to hear the rattle of drums and the sound of bugles, repeating the "adjutant's call" for assembly.

Why should deaf-mutes have music? Because they like it; because it adds to the interest of the drills and ceremonies, is the answer. Tell how do these boys get any good from it? It gives them the time and makes the movements easier for them, just as it does for real soldiers, is the answer. Do they hear the drums and fifes? No, but they feel them—in the pits of their stomachs! Deaf-mutes have had music at their dances and balls for years, and enjoyed it, too, keeping time to the music as well as those who hear, so why shouldn't these deaf-mute boys have their drums and fifes and bugles? Certainly they get some good out of the music, for since the drum corps was introduced the ceremonies have a snap and finish about them that they lacked formerly.

SOUNDING THE CALL.

The adjutant's call "goes" a second time, and the companies march into the parade ground, one of them carrying the colors, an honor gained each year only after a competitive drill. The battalion line is formed just as it would be in the army, guides running out and being posted by an adjutant and a sergeant-major, while the drums and bugles still sound the call. Then,

when lines are formed, ranks are opened, and the adjutant, first bringing the battalion to "parade rest," turns to the drum major and signals with his fingers, "Sound off!" The drums and bugles start up again, and the musicians march down the front of the battalion, countermarch at the end and return to their post.

Then comes "retreat," played first by the bugles, then by the drummers and fifers and winding up, as regulations prescribe, with "The Star-Spangled Banner," at the first note of which the battalion springs from parade rest to attention. Then comes the remainder of the ceremony: the adjutant reports to the major, who puts the battalion through the manual, the proper reports are made by the first sergeants and the officers are ordered to the front and center.

ORDERS BY SIGNS.

Then, as the musicians strike up a lively air—"Yankee Doodle" is a favorite—the officers march up to the major and salute and the parade is over. The first sergeants close ranks and march their companies off, and the officers' group breaks up, its component parts hastening after their commands.

Not a word, not a sound, is heard except that of the drums and fifes; every order is given by the fingers of the commanding officers. Only two persons on the parade ground can speak—the major, who is instructor, and the drum-major, who is instructor in the field music; but all details of the ceremony are carried out, as fully as if Stentor himself was in command, and the spectators depart wondering at the results of modern methods of educating those who can neither hear nor speak.

The battalion made its first public appearance at a matinee performance of the military tournament last March, and attracted so much attention that it was invited to appear again at the second and last matinee of the week.

QUAKERISMS.

Which is the more valuable to the deaf, speech or lip-reading? I mean good, understandable speech and expert lip-reading. I believe speech easily carries off the palm. It is a great convenience for a deaf man or woman to be able to speak so as to render the use of pad and pencil unnecessary, and there is no doubt that it helps one very much in the business world.

In Philadelphia, the city of brotherly love (so called, though we live just like ordinary mutes) there are two wonders, viz: Independence Hall and Samuel G. Davidson. Mr. Davidson, as many know, is the only deaf teacher in the United States who instructs an oral class—and he instructs them well. There has been much curiosity to know how he manages to detect any mistakes in the enunciation of words on the part of his pupils, as well as to correct any grammatical errors while they are reciting. He once informed the writer that he has nothing to do with the correct pronunciation of words or the pitch of the voice; these are supposed to have been attended to, and overcome by the teachers in the lower grades. He instructs pupils of an advanced grade and confines himself solely to seeing that they recite properly, give correct answers, and write correct English. Being an expert lip-reader, he can quickly detect any mistakes in the language employed, as per the following incident:

Last September, on the opening of school, he tested his pupils on their knowledge of the world's events by asking one of them what had occurred in Serbia last Spring?

"The King and Queen of Serbia were assassinated," came the prompt reply.

"That's right," quoth the professor.

"Now, George, can you tell me who is the present King of Serbia?"

The boy, thinking he could get the best of his teacher by using two words in quick succession, replied:

"Peter Piper."

"What is that?" asked the professor sharply.

"King Peter, sir."

"Frank, who is the president of the Serbian Cabinet?"

"Monsieur Avakumovich."

"Correct. I see you have a good memory of words, and have no terror of unpronounceable names."

"Now, Chester, I wonder if you can tell me who is the Minister of Education of that unhappy country?"

Chester pondered long and earnestly, and finally replied with great distinctness:

"Monsieur Stojanovitch."

"Good. I am much pleased to know my pupils have made such good progress. The deaf and the enemies of the oral method have been put to silence at last for saying I teach only simple things by the use of simple words."

Speaking of expert lip-readers, it was stated by Mr. Wade at the Columbus Convention of Teachers a few years ago, that Mrs. Mann, wife of Rev. A. W. Mann, stands at the head. Next in order, I believe, comes Miss Daisy Way, of

Kansas City, Mo., followed by Mrs. J. E. Gallaher, of Chicago; Mrs. Alexander Graham Bell, of Washington; Mrs. Charles H. Reed (formerly Miss Hypatia Boyd), of Menasha, Wis., and others.

The peculiar motions of the lips and tongue of many of the deaf who can speak very intelligently, give them away as being of a class out of the normal. I wonder, therefore, if there are any totally deaf men or women, educated at a school for the deaf, who can speak in such a manner as to give no outward indication that something is out of gear with them.

QUAKER BROWN.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

What has been said of past Christmas holidays cannot be applied to the one just over. In fact it has been a vacation out of the usual, for there has been some sort of amusement most every day to give rest to tired minds, and prepare them for another term's work. Besides the basketball tournament there was good skating all week, and those who enjoy the fun of gliding over the smooth ice indulged in the sport to their heart's content.

Yet the climax of the whole vacation was Mr. Robert Patterson's lecture before a large audience Thursday evening in Chapel Hall. Mr. Patterson had kept his subject a secret, thus avoiding speculation of any sort. It can justly be said of the lecture that it was one of the best ever given here, and some of the students declared that they had never seen one in their lives. It was delivered in a cool and masterly way, and in natural and vivid signs.

Dr. Gallaudet introduced the speaker, and gave a few reminiscences of the early days of the college, when Mr. Patterson was a student. He remarked upon the many ties between Ohio and the College, of Mr. Patterson's work in that Institution, of the long string of students he had prepared to take the course, and last but not least he laid particular stress upon the sending of his daughter, Miss Bertha, to become a Normal Fellow, and later on a teacher in the Kendall School.

Mr. Patterson responded in a fitting manner, and alluded to the great respect in which the alumni hold him, and took the opportunity to thank him in their behalf for the many good deeds that he has done for the cause of the deaf in general and in particular.

He then announced his subject "A Study in Observation," and for more than an hour and a half he held the audience in a trance. It was intermingled with humor, deep thought and advice, and when it was over the students were all of one accord that it was a masterpiece.

Friday being the anniversary of Mr. Joe Adelson's birth he kindly invited Mr. Patterson, and the other Ohio students, to dine with him at the New Willard Hotel. It was a royal feast, and a happy reunion of an instructor and his former proteges. The Board of the Ohio School has granted him a leave of absence of a week, and in the company of his daughter he has been taking in the sights of the city, which he had not visited for over fifteen years.

Monday, another game of basketball took place between two teams made up of the best players in College. The contest was hot and spirited, and the "Varsity" won by the score of 23 to 12. The summary:

First Team 1st half 2d half
Goals Fouls Goals Fouls
Keesam, c. r. f., 4 2
McCallister, l. b., 2 1
Bruns, c., 1 1
Wiensmiller, r. b., 2 1
Schulte, l. b., 2 1
Totals 19 0 4 0

Second Team 1st half 2d half
Goals Fouls Goals Fouls
E. Mather, r. f., 1 1
Drake, c. l. f., 1 1
Ern. Mather, c., 2 2
Horton, r. f., 1 1
Peyton, l. b., 2 1
Totals 8 2 4 0

Umpire—Hendricks, '04. Referee—Jaffray, E. C. Timekeeper—Cameron, '04.

The S. C. N. C. pleasantly entertained the students on the evening of January 2d with a reproduction of "Humpty Dumpty." Considering the shortness of the time in which it was prepared, the management is to be congratulated. The audience was continually kept in a roar of laughter. Below is the cast of characters:

Humpty Dumpty, the Great Prophet, Mr. Marshall, '04.
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Dr. Cureall, a travelling dentist, afterwards Mons Starchington, a Pop, Mr. Reichard, '06.
Sam, an attendant, afterwards Red Clare, Mr. Wya, '04.
Romanelli, an Italian, Mr. Horton, '07.
Burlesque, Mr. Seeley, I. C.

The young men were again pleasantly entertained by the co-eds Tuesday evening, "Flinch," and "The Pit," were the chief attractions. Dainty refreshments were served.

The old custom of giving New Year's calls was broken this year. Death and sickness has prevailed

among the Faculty this year, so it was given up. Instead, an informal social gathering was held in the evening, in the co-ed's reading room. As usual the old tower bell chimed in the new year; and a large number of the students went to the White House, to shake hands with President Roosevelt.

Tuesday, it was made known that there was good skating on the fish ponds. A general exodus resulted in the afternoon, but it seems that some of the sports were rather careless. As a result more than half a dozen received a dipping.

Thursday, a large crowd got up a skating picnic out at Chevy Chase. They took their lunches with them and remained the greater part of the day. The ice was fine and all had a merry time. The ice on the Basin was over eight inches thick, but the District Commissioners still dread another catastrophe like the one of last year, so they had a harbor boat steam in and break the ice up. The citizens were rightly indignant, and if the cold spell continues, they may justly file a protest for such curtailment of pleasure.

The co-eds and the other spectators of the entertainment, Saturday night, were greatly astonished at the ease with which "Miss Bruns, '07," wielded a hot flatiron without any pretence of a holder while the rest of the actors couldn't touch the handle without manifestations of serious burns!

Miss Henderson, '06, has been spending part of her vacation with friends in the city.

Miss Hanberg, '03, of Baltimore, has been the guest of Miss Hansen, '04, the past week.

Prof. Hall and Prof. Day have, at last, moved into their new homes, over in Day Hall.

H. D. DRAKE, '04.

GALLAUDET COLLEGE.

Robert Patterson Lectures to the Students.

BASKET BALL GAME.

The Christmas Pantomime.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

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PORTER MEMORIAL FUND.

BULLETIN, No. 5.

115 IOWA AVENUE.

COUNCIL BLUFFS, IA., Dec. 28, 1903.

Previously acknowledged..... \$75 00

Dec. 4.—Through Prof. Draper:

David S. Rogers, Kansas..... 1 00

Gerard McCarthy, North Carolina..... 5 00

W. B. Brown, Tennessee..... 1 00

Lester Rosson, "..... 1 00

L. A. Palmer, "..... 1 00

A. S. Hewetson, California..... 3 50

Through T. F. Fox, New York:

E. H. Currier, New York..... 5 00

E. A. Hodgson, "..... 2 00

W. G. Jones, "..... 1 00

C. O. Dantzer, "..... 1 00

Murray Campbell, "..... 1 00

J. H. Keiser, "..... 1 00

B. N. Peterson, "..... 50

Dec. 19.—Through Warren Robinson,

J. J. Murphy, Wisconsin..... 50

Thomas Hagerty, "..... 1 00

Paul Lange, "..... 1 00

Warren Robinson, "..... 1 00

Dec. 25.—Through J. L. Smith for

Minnesota..... 34 75

\$136 25

(Those contributing the above amount from Minnesota were the following:—

J. L. Smith, "..... 50

C. L. W. Warr, "..... 1 00

J. B. Bangardner, "..... 1 00

J. S. S. Bowen, "..... 1 00

J. C. Howard, "..... 1 00

Ernest Bligham, "..... 1 00

Mary Allison Bligham, "..... 1 00

Louis A. Roth, "..... 1 00

Edith Vandergrift, "..... 1 00

Thomas Sheridan, "..... 1 00

Olaf Hanson, "..... 1 00

Agatha Tiegel Hanson, "..... 1 00

Louis C. Tuck, "..... 1 00

John Schwartz, "..... 1 00

P. N. Peterson, "..... 1 00

Lilla McGowan Peterson, "..... 1 00

J. SCHUYLER LORR,

Treasurer.

Mute Bridal Couple Saved.

BRANDED, MINN., Jan. 2.—A mad panic ensued at the fire in the Arlington Hotel that did about \$50,000 damage to the building. A. E. Bass and wife, a deaf and dumb couple, recently married, were asleep when the fire broke out and were carried from the burning building unconscious.

BOON—To Mr. and Mrs. Edward Hahn, of Buffalo, N. Y., January 1st, 1904, a daughter. Mother and baby are doing well.

C. A. Painter, the base ball pitcher, of Jefferson, O., with his wife, the happy over the advent of a son. The junior member of the family arrived Monday Dec. 27th, and the indications are that he is a permanent fixture. The urchin is a grandson of Henry Winch and wife.

The marriage of Mr. Henry S. Decelle and Miss Anna Palmer, both of Troy, was solemnized on Thursday evening, December 24th, 1903. Rev. Geo. K. Hamilton, of the Sixth Baptist Church, performed the ceremony. Mr. and Mrs. Decelle have gone to New York on their wedding tour.

Origin of the term Spinstler.

There are few people that have not looked into the dictionary especially to know how the term "spinstler" originated. We often find it in Shakespeare and other of the English classics but it is used to define the spinner. This is its specific meaning. Its general significance is wider. There is an old practice, in the years ago, that a woman should not be married until she had spun herself a set of body, table and bed linen. It is not difficult to see how easily the term became applicable to all unmarried women and finally became a law and fixed term.—Detroit Free Press.

CHICAGO.

The Whole City in Deep Mourning.

NEW IROQUOIS THEATRE BURNED.

Four Deaf-Mutes' relatives and friends among the victims.—The mourners were we

NEW YORK.

"Watch Night" of the League of Elect Surds.

UNION LEAGUE BANQUET.

Basket Ball--Et Cetera.

News items for this column should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.

In accordance with its annual custom, the League of Elect Surds watched the old year die and the new one come in, from the classic and historic Washington Heights.

The program and arrangements of the committee were beyond criticism.

At nine-thirty in the evening of the last day of the old year, about twenty-five were ranged in a semi-circle in the assembly hall of Mrs. Porter's hotel, and Chairman Capelli passed around to each a diminutive pipe—one of the kind that is too small for tobacco, but quite unique as an ornament to the coat lapel.

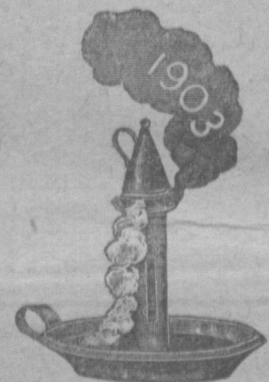
The addresses, which are outlined in the subjoined program, were all made in regular order, the "original package" being a sort of auctioneer's harangue, and eventually being won (or bought in) by Mr. Louis Lowenstein.

Any description would be superfluous, as all the main features are included in the program, a fac simile of which is here appended:

"WATCH NIGHT"

Dec. 31, 1903

League of Elect Surds



PORTER'S HOTEL,
181 Street and Amsterdam Ave.,
New York.

Committee:
Bros. Capelli, Koringold, Kohlman.

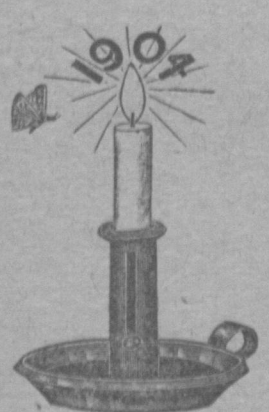
PROGRAM

[Bro. Capelli, Master of Ceremonies.]

Snap Shots of the Past, Present and Future Grand Ruler Hodgson
Fraternity Bro. Isaac Golland, Jr.
The Ladies "God Bless 'Em" Deputy Grand Ruler Soper
Original Package
Reminiscences of the Nineteenth Century Grand Tiler Heyman
Our Absent Brothers of the Grand Lodge Bro. Souweine
A Pack of Cards Bro. Koringold

MENU

Roast Beef Smoked Ham
Potato Salad
Coffee Bread Butter Tea
Fresh Ham Corned Beef
Cabbage Salad
Cranberries Rice Pudding
Apples and Nuts
Cafe Noir



NEW YEAR'S SONG.

[To be led by its author, Grand Treasurer Fox, around the New Year Punch, at 12 o'clock, midnight.]

There's mirth within the walls,
And smiling faces too—
There's dancing in the halls,
And sober mien are few.

Enchantment seems to rest
On all terrestrial things,
In snowy robes are dressed
The vales were verdure springs.

With blithesome smiles we greet
Another bright New Year;
With hope our hearts replete,
And hush'd in every fear.

For once, let us forget
The woes that we have known,
Let's feel there's pleasures yet,
And ill luck forever flown.

Then will this New Year prove
A gladness day to all,
While onward we shall move,
And naught our hopes enthrall.

With merry quip we're found
And pranks and tricks we'll play—
Then sing a merry round
For this is New Year's day.

In the distribution of prizes, the lucky members were:

Cuff and Collar Box, won by Mr. M. Heyman.

Pack of Cards, a valuable souvenir, presented to Mr. Theo. I. Lounsbury.

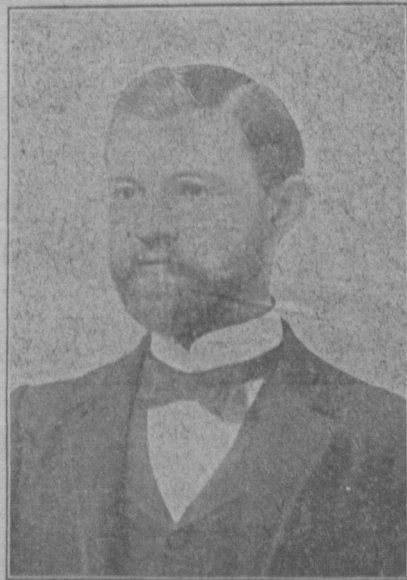
A fine clock with ornamental pedestal, won by Mr. E. A. Hodgson.

A box of cigars (presented by Mr. M. Heyman), won by Mr. Frederick Hoffman.

At precisely midnight, all gathered round the table, and led by Mr. Theo. I. Lounsbury, the New Year's song, composed by Mr. Fox, was sung in concerted tones.

Then all drank to the prosperity and happiness of all the deaf during the New Year, and the Watch Night of 1903-1904 was numbered among the events that have been.

Over half a hundred members of the Deaf-Mutes' Union League, assembled at their rooms on Saturday evening, January 2d.



FRANCIS W. NUBNER, President.

The occasion was the Annual Meeting and Installation of officers for the year.

After the reports of the officials and committees for 1903 had been read and adopted, the members adjourned to the club room proper, where three long tables were spread with snowy linen, crystal and silver, and all the accessories of a banquet.

The menu was quite a fine one, consisting of roast-turkey, and other cold meats, potato salad, olives, celery etc., with both red and white wines of a superior vintage. Ice cream, coffee and perfectos gave a fine finish to a really appetizing spread.

The officer in charge of arrangements was Arthur C. Bachrach, and he started the speech-making and transfer of official responsibility from the shoulders of the officers of 1903 to those of 1904.

First of all was the retiring president, Samuel Frankenheim, and his speech recounted in detail the improvements and unexcelled prosperity of the term just ended. He then passed over the reins of government to the incoming president, Francis W. Nubner. Mr. Nubner made a graceful debut, and made all the promises that are expected of officials at the outset of a term. He then, in behalf of the members of the Union League, presented to Mr. Frankenheim, a handsome Waterman fountain pen, the holder of which was of sterling silver, beautifully chased.

Mr. Frankenheim was taken by surprise, and it was difficult to get back to his ordinary mental composure, but he eventually got to his feet and made a feeling response.

Soyour A. Gomprecht was the next speaker, and he was followed by Arthur C. Bachrach, who is first vice-president for 1904.

Theo. S. Rose had a really neat address, and as it was prepared beforehand, we give it space here:—

Mr. President and Members of Union League:—In retiring from the office of Second Vice-President to which you elected me a year ago, while I was absent in Chicago, I would say I accepted the same feeling much honored and grateful. I have endeavored at all times to the best of my ability and understanding to act for the welfare of the club. Whether I have accomplished my aim or not, I leave for you, my good fellows, to judge.

The President and 1st Vice-President were rarely absent so the task of presiding at the meetings seldom devolved upon me; however, I found my duties were made agreeable by the members. As to the character of my services as officer and member, I have endeavored at all times to the best of my ability and understanding to act for the welfare of the club. Whether I have accomplished my aim or not, I leave for you, my good fellows, to judge.

I sincerely trust my successor in office will find his duties as pleasant as I did. My best wishes for the continued success and prosperity of the club are with you.

Henry Kohlman's speech, as 2d Vice-President, was an extempore effort, promising to emulate Mr. Rose's example in faithfulness and efficiency, and acknowledging his appreciation of the honor done him by his elevation to an important office.

Mr. Nubner handed the sec-

retary's pencil to Marcus L. Kenner, and the latter, who is quite a hustler in deaf circles and a past master of English as she is written, mounted the wine hampers that did duty as a platform throughout the evening, and delivered a quite sensible and optimistic address.

The watch-dog of the treasury, Moses Loew, formally relinquished his post to Simon Hirsch, and we presume the bank accounts will be transferred without delay. The office of treasurer is quite an important one, as there is a big sum in the treasury, and a great deal of work is required of the incumbent. Both the retiring and incoming treasurers made a few remarks that were applauded vigorously by all present.

Mr. E. Souweine, member of the Executive Committee, with calm front and in vigorous signs, delivered himself of felicitous comment and appreciative praise for the solid front which the members always maintain in everything that concerns the welfare of the League.

As an honorary member, it was deemed the proper thing to make E. A. Hodgson do some talking, and he required no urging. His remarks received undivided attention.

Philip Glaser and Emil Basch, both made short speeches, and S. Paechter, of Brooklyn, attempted to do likewise, but as he seemed desirous of discussing the affairs of another organization, he was ruled out of order, and admonished that all the talk must centre upon the Union League's affairs, whose policy and practice it was to be on amicable terms with all other clubs or societies.

President Nubner announced the following standing committees for the year, and all accepted the work and responsibility which the appointment entailed.

Entertainment Committee—S. Gomprecht, Chairman; T. S. Rose, S. Frankenheim.

Financial Committee—Moses Loew, Chairman; Joseph Souneborn, Marx Levy.

Board of Trustees—J. B. Gass, A. Pfeiffer, C. C. McMann.

It was nearly one o'clock when all dispersed for home, and there is no doubt but all entertained the opinion that the banquet and installation of officers for 1904 was one of the most pleasant affairs in the history of the organization.

On Saturday night, January 2d, the Silent Five in the howling blizzard journeyed to Hoboken, and played the crack team of Company K, Fourth Regiment, N. G. N. J., who claim the Amateur championship of New Jersey. The first half was played under the new rules, and the Five were greatly handicapped. The score was very close. The Co. K. team scored first on a shot from behind midfield which careened into the basket. Fetscher then dropped on a tricky play from a jump off. The K's scored next on a foul, then Big Bob McVea, with three Jerseyites on his back put the ball in for the Five. A foul netted Jersey 1 point and the score was tied. A foul on Jersey gave the

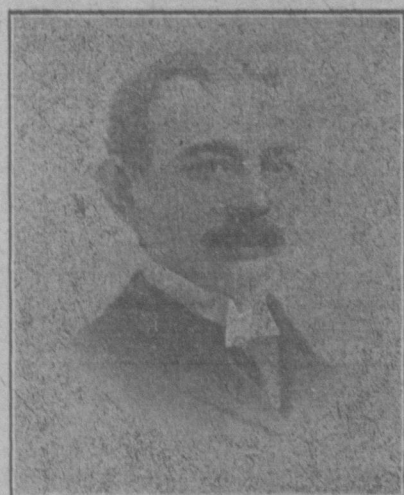


MARCUS L. KENNER, Secretary.

Five a point. Then the umpire for the Jerseyites came in, and when the mists cleared Jersey had 2 more points from fouls. The half ended with the score 6 to 5 in favor of Co. K., and the Jerseyites were all yelling. The second half began with a rush. Fluhr dropped in one, then Jersey scored. Here the Jersey captain commenced to talk to his men, and the game became a little scrappy. He soon gave up all thoughts of scrap when one of the five sat on his head while McVea dropped the ball in the right place. Avens then got in a mix-up and the umpire called a foul on both. Jersey failed on the free throw while McVea dropped it in in his turn. Jersey then came up with a rush and with the help of the umpire soon had the score 11 to 10 in their favor. Fluhr again came up to scratch and made it 12 to 11 in the Five's favor. Fetscher and his opponent then started a private floor sweeping match with one another and two fouls were called. Jersey failed on the throw. McVea had his eye on the basket even if the electric lights at the Silent Five's basket were turned

out, and the score was 13 to 11. Jersey then dropped a basket, and the score was even, with the large crowd of Jerseyites on their feet. The game then began to be one of lightning rapidity. McVea dropped one, while some one held off his scrappy Jersey captain, who came out of the mixup all to the bad and retired from the game. McVea dropped another, and another on a foul. The game ended with the score 18 to 13 in the Silent Five's favor. Among those who braved the storm with the Silent Five were Mrs. Cook and Mrs. Fetscher, whose mascot work were of high order. Mr. Cook, the referee, was stood on his head more than once by the fierce charges. The Silent Five have been reinstated in the A. A. U., and will only play teams registered in that body. Mr. Nimmo, a hearing brother of one of the pupils at Fanwood, was at the game, and is said to have won a neat sum in bets.

Mr. Simon Scharlin, father of Jacob Scharlin, died at a ripe old age last Monday, at his country residence in Mountindale, Sullivan Co., N. Y. His funeral took place last Wednesday and was followed by a host of mourners—relatives, friends, and representatives of various Hebrew lodges and synagogues, among whom he took an active part. On the East Side where he resided, and had his place of business, he was a beloved and familiar personage. His doors were always open to all those who were less fortunate than he in the world's share of goods, and with his unexpected death they have lost in



HENRY KOHLMAN, 2d Vice-President.

him a revered friend and philanthropist. He is survived by a widow, two daughters and four sons, now plunged in mourning.

On New Year's Day the Tremont Five journeyed to Yonkers, N. Y., and locked horns in a basket ball game with the crack Hollywood team. The game was played in the Hollywood Inn club house, and was exciting from start to finish, the two teams being very evenly matched. The Tremont Five managed to win out in the final minute by a score of 25 to 22. Mr. Frank Renner, of Columbia, was referee, and Mr. R. E. Maynard scorer and time keeper. The following day the Tremont Five went to Sea Cliff, L. I., where they gained another vic-

A delightful social was given on the afternoon of last Saturday, at the charming home of Mr. and Mrs. Shurmman. The time was pleasantly spent in chatting, and spinning humorous yarns. Light refreshments were then served, which marked the culmination of a short but pleasant social, thanks to the kindness of the young and happy hosts.

Mr. Martin J. Fox, the eldest and last surviving brother of Mr. Thomas F. Fox, died of pneumonia, on Monday and was buried on Wednesday. He was sixty-one years old at the time of his death. Mr. Thomas Francis Fox is now the last leaf on the family tree, being the only living member of a family of nine brothers and one sister.

A watch night and package party was given in the Guild Room of St. Ann's Church on New Year's Eve, under the auspices of the Hollywood Club, and proved a very enjoyable affair. About a hundred attended and at the stroke of 12 extended to each other the heartiest of best wishes for the New Year.

The engagement of Miss Saddle Schumsky to Mr. Nathan Friedman is announced. It took place Tuesday evening amidst a score of relatives and friends. The matrimonial knot will be tied shortly. Who's next?

Professor Percival Hall, of Gallaudet College, Washington, D. C. will give a lecture in the Guild Room of St. Ann's Church Monday, January 18th, 1904, at 8 o'clock. Everybody welcome.

Miss Esther Cohen, of Providence, R. I., will hereafter make her home at Newark, N. J.

BALTIMORE, MD.

William D. Gill, a prominent lumber merchant of this city, and father of our popular friend Harry J. Gill died on January 1, 1904, of uramic poisoning. We sympathize with Harry in his sad bereavement. Among the many outsiders who spent the holidays in this city were: Messrs. Aaron Showman and Harry Kemp, of Frederick; Thos. A. Lamb, of Chestertown, Perrin Lee, Gallaudet College, and others.

Chas. E. Lister arrived home again, much improved in health, and he has grown a little stouter. He brought yet scribe a half dozen bunches of excellent celery, which were raised by his brother-in-law.

"Jacob Waloski" was present at the M. E. Church entertainment, with his wife and child, and seemed to enjoy himself immensely.

George F. Flick is at present touring Virginia, West Virginia, and Kentucky, giving Moving-Picture exhibitions. We hear that he is meeting with a good deal of success.

Mrs. Ella Smithson of whose illness we chronicled in our last letter, is somewhat better and is able to sit up, but is not entirely out of danger yet.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Smith's twins were baptized at Grace Lutheran Church by the Rev. Wm. Fraas. Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Menkel stood as sponsors, and J. A. Brandlick acted as interpreter. The christening took place Sunday evening Jan. 3, before a large audience. A light luncheon was served at the home of the parents after the ceremony to a few invited guests.

J. A. B.

ALBANY, N. Y.

The very latest to embark on the matrimonial sea are Henry A. Minker of East Albany and Clara De Rouville of Albany, were married December 24th, by Rev. H. Lubbers, pastor of the Holland Reformed Church. The groom's best man was Mr. W. L. L. Lohorn and the bridesmaid Miss Marie De Rouville, sister of the bride. The witness was Mr. Philip Johnson, of this city.

Another wedding in our sister city of Troy was that of Mr. Henry De Celle to Miss Annie Palmer, of Lansingburg, on Christmas eve.

All the deaf-mutes hereabouts wish both couples a happy and prosperous wedded life.

PHILIP JOHNSON.

A Million or More of Deaf-Mutes.

Recent estimation places the number of deaf-mutes in the world at more than 1,000,000. This great number of human beings, living a life which a normal person cannot conceive, is destined to increase because of the tendency of these people to marry persons laboring under the same disability.

Examination of the records of 4,500 marriages of deaf persons shows 9 per cent of the children to be deaf, while only one-tenth of 1 per cent of the offspring of an equal number of marriages of normal persons are likely to be afflicted with deafness. Deaf parents whose relatives are not deaf run no greater chances of having deaf children than persons who can hear, but in the case of normal persons in whose families there are members who are deaf the danger of deaf children is, according to Professor E. A. Fay, who has studied the question, just as great as among deaf people—New York Press.

It was a lamentable oversight on my part, that Mrs. Edward McKerran's name was omitted in the report of the Christmas Festival at St. Ann's on December 26th. Her good and helpful work, both before and during the evening of the Festival deserved mention, which we now accord. She was a member of the Committee in charge, and with the rest, deserves credit for the success of the affair.

OHIO.

A Pleasant Surprise Party

LADIES AT THE BALLOT BOX

News of the Week.

[News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greener, 993 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.]

Saturday last being the birthday anniversary of Mrs. A. W. Ohlemacher, her lord and master decided, without letting her know of it beforehand, a surprise. He invited a few friends to meet at the residence of Mr. Wm. H. Zorn, and from there came over to his house at an hour when Mrs. O. was least expecting company. This part of the programme was carried out, and when the party reached the Ohlemacher residence, Mrs. O. couldn't understand the meaning of it, until explanations had been made and then the laugh was on her. After an inspection of the new home, the crowd divided itself into two parties, and kept up a lively time, playing the new game of pit. Later dainty refreshments were served, after which the party left for their several homes, all wishing Mrs. Ohlemacher many more such pleasant occasions. Those present were: Mr. Newton Barrett, Masters Richard and Wm. Barrett, Mrs. Helen Barrett, Mrs. Louise Ohlemacher, Miss Grace Nutt, Mrs. Maria Nutt, Mrs. E. D. Ohlemacher, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. H. Zorn, Misses Bessie McGregor, Edith Biggam, Kitty Munnell and Lillian McFadden, Messrs. A. H. Schoy, August Beckert, William Maier and the writer.

The Ladies' Aid Society of Columbus held its last meeting of the year Wednesday evening and transacted considerable business. Owing to the fact that Mrs. C. C. Neuner lives out of town, and some distance from a street car line, she tendered her resignation as a member, which was accepted with regret. Miss Lillian McFadden was admitted as an active member. The following officers were elected to serve during 1904:

President—Miss Bessie Edgar. (Re-elected.)
Vice-President—Mrs. C. W. Charles.
Secretary—Miss Kitty Munnell.
Treasurer—Miss May Greener. (Re-elected.)

Principal Patterson leaving for Washington Wednesday evening, and will be absent a week. Thursday evening Superintendent Jones left for St. Louis on business connected with the school exhibit of the deaf and blind at the Exposition. During their absence, Mr. Ohlemacher will be acting chief of the schools and building.

Mr. A. Pope, Superintendent of the School Exhibit of the Deaf at the St. Louis Exposition reached here on Monday morning to consult on the matter with Superintendent Jones. He made a short address to the pupils at the chapel services, and left at noon for Indianapolis on similar business.

Superintendent Alley, of the Greenfield Public Schools, was a visitor at the Institution Thursday morning, and made the pupils an address at the chapel service.

Mr. Earnest Craig, of Toronto, Ohio, surprised his numerous friends here with a visit last week. They were as glad to see him as he was them, and that he was still the smiling good natured boy of yore.

Mr. A. H. Schory was at the Home Sunday, and conducted a service for the people. He found them unusually happy as a result of the many Christmas offerings received by them from friends. Mr. and Preston L. Stevenson, of Findlay, gave as their Christmas offering a fine damask table cloth, and some thing that was very much needed, a fine large gasoline lamp. The son of Mrs. J. W. Townsend sent a large box of assorted glassware which will be much appreciated. Cash contributions have also been made, which is just as acceptable.

Mr. and Mrs. William Smith, of Youngstown, will leave for home Monday. They have greatly enjoyed their visit here with old time friends, Mr. and Mrs. Atwood, Mr. and Mrs. Greener, Mr. and Mrs. P. Pratt and several others. Wednesday Mr. Pratt took them with Mrs. Pratt and Mrs. Atwood up to the Home, to see the place which they had never before visited. Mr. Byers, the Superintendent met them at the car line with a sled, and thus the party enjoyed a sleigh ride. Mr. and Mrs. Smith were loud in their praise of the Home and the comforts the people there have in their declining years.

Andrew Schwartz, of Steubenville, was circulating about the

Institution during the week. He runs a shoe shop of his own, and has plenty of patronage to afford him a comfortable living.

Miss Nora Patterson and Miss Bertha Dresback were at their respective homes, Barnesville and Johnstown, to spend Christmas.

Miss Kingry, of Urban Crest, was showing her uncle, Mr. Geo. P. Bard, of Cleveland, through the Institution Tuesday. He is a son of Hiram Bard, and was one of Uncle Sam's soldier boys, as a cavalryman, in the Philippines, returning two years ago. He has been visiting his relatives, the Bards and Kingrys here during the holidays.

As there is little to do now in Green Lawn Cemetery for Mr. Alonzo Kingry, he has come to work in the city for the Kinnear Manufacturing Company, where his brother, Simon, is employed.

The New Year came in in a sheet of white, giving the youngsters ample opportunity to use their sleds. Throughout the day and evening the snow came down, and Saturday morning it lay over six inches in depth. Chapel services at the Institution were conducted at 9:15 A. M. by Mr. Greener. The old and new year were taken as the subject. Pupils were served with an extra dinner, at which oysters and ham were the chief dishes. There were no socials in the afternoon, as sledding seemed more attractive out in Franklin Park and the hills. In the evening a kinetoscopic exhibition in the chapel interested the pupils for over an hour. Many of the scenes were funny and exciting and caused merriment among the spectators.

Messrs. Harry Romoser and Harry Dix left last night for Uhrichsville to resume their work. Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Stottler will also leave for their Cleveland home to-day.

A. B. G.

1-2-'04.

CHURCH NOTICES.

FIRST SUNDAY AFTER THE EPIPHANY, JANUARY 10TH.

St. Ann's Church, N. Y., 3 P. M.
St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn, 3 P. M.

Gallaudet Home, 10:30 A. M. Holy Communion

Parish Meeting in St. Ann's Guild Room, Tuesday evening, January 12th, and Lecture in same place by Prof. Hall, of Washington, D. C., Monday evening, January 18th. Welcome to all.

RELIGIOUS SERVICE.

MADISON AVENUE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

N. E. Corner Seventy-third Street.

Sermon to the deaf by the pastor, Rev. Howard Agnew Johnston, D.D., every Sunday afternoon, at 3:30 o'clock. A cordial welcome to all.

Bible Classes meet at four o'clock.

Reading Room and Gymnasium open to the members and their friends every Friday, from 8 to 10 P. M.

Services for Western New York.

St. Paul's, Buffalo—Every Sunday at 11 A. M. The Holy Communion will be celebrated on the second Sunday of the month.

St. Luke's, Rochester—On the first Sunday of the month, Holy Communion at 10:45 A. M. On all other Sundays, Evening Prayer, 7:30 P. M. Services at other points will be arranged by special appointment.

C. ORVIS DARTZER, Missionary.
231 Grant Avenue,
Rochester, N. Y.

Services for Deaf-Mutes.

JANUARY 1904.

8-7:45 P. M., Grace, Lawrence.
10-10:30 A. M., St. Andrew's, Boston. Holy Communion.
2:30 P. M., Grace, Providence, R. I.

12-3:30 P. M., N. E. Home, Allston.

17-10:30 A. M., St. Andrew's, Boston.
3:30 P. M., St. Stephen's, Lynn.
6:15 P. M., St. Peter's, Beverly.

24-10:30 A. M., St. Andrew's, Boston.
2:30 P. M., St. John's, Lowell.
6:00 P. M., Trinity, Haverhill.

31-10:30 A. M., St. Andrew's, Boston.
1:30 P. M., Bishop's Visitation, Confirmation and Holy Communion.

S. STANLEY SEARING.
Diocesan Missionary to Deaf-Mutes,
564 Broadway, So. Boston, Mass.

Special Notice.

The Rt. Rev. Wm. Lawrence, D.D., LL.D., Bishop of Massachusetts, will visit St. Andrew's for Deaf Mutes, Chambers St., Boston, on Sunday, January 31st, 1904, at one o'clock P. M.

The Bishop will preach and administer Confirmation and Holy Communion.

S. STANLEY SEARING.
Minister in Charge.

The deaf may hear the Saviour's voice,
The tutored tongue its chain may break;
But the deaf heart, the dumb by choice,
The lagging soul, that will not wake,
These battle 'gain the spells of Heaven.

—J. Kiehl

The House That Jack Built.

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This is the house that Jack built.



This is the Chicago Pas-a-Pas Club President, that presided in the house that Jack built.



Only \$1.00 a Year.

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This is the paper for the deaf that interested the Chicago Pas-a-Pas Club President, that presided in the house that Jack built.



This is the First Vice-President that wrote the weekly letter to that paper for the deaf, that interested the Chicago Pas-a-Pas Club President, that presided in the house that Jack built.



This is the Second Vice-President that gathered the news to aid the First Vice-President, that wrote the weekly letter to that paper for the deaf, that interested the Chicago Pas-a-Pas Club President, that presided in the house that Jack built.



This is the Corresponding Secretary that dispatched and received the newsy notes for the Second Vice-President, that gathered the news to aid the First Vice-President, that wrote the weekly letter to that paper for the deaf, that interested the Chicago Pas-a-Pas Club President, that presided in the house that Jack built.



This is the Financial Secretary that collected the subscription fees to push the Corresponding Secretary, that dispatched and received the newsy notes for the Second Vice-President, that gathered the news to aid the First Vice-President, that wrote the weekly letter to that paper for the deaf, that interested the Chicago Pas-a-Pas Club President, that presided in the house that Jack built.



This is the Recording Secretary that gathered the news to aid the First Vice-President, that wrote the weekly letter to that paper for the deaf, that interested the Chicago Pas-a-Pas Club President, that presided in the house that Jack built.



This is the Treasurer all shaved, who sat by the desk and cashed the money to the editor from the Financial Secretary, that collected the subscription fees to push the Corresponding Secretary, that dispatched and received the newsy notes for the Second Vice-President, that gathered the news to aid the First Vice-President, that wrote the weekly letter to that paper for the deaf, that interested the Chicago Pas-a-Pas Club President, that presided in the house that Jack built.

notes for the Second Vice-President, that gathered the news to aid the First Vice-President, that wrote the weekly letter to that paper for the deaf, that interested the Chicago Pas-a-Pas Club President, that presided in the house that Jack built.



This is the Trustee that examined the recording book to satisfy the Recording Secretary (fired and contented), that kept the record to save the Treasurer all shaved, that sat by the desk and cashed the money to the editor from the Financial Secretary, that collected the subscription fees to push the Corresponding Secretary, that dispatched the newsy notes for the Second Vice-President, that gathered the news to aid the First Vice-President, that wrote the weekly letter to that paper for the deaf, that interested the Chicago Pas-a-Pas Club President, that presided in the house that Jack built.



This is the Sergeant-at-Arms all able-bodied that guarded the door for the Trustee, that examined the recording book to satisfy the Recording Secretary (fired and contented), that kept the record to save the Treasurer all shaved, that sat by the desk and cashed the money to the editor from the Financial Secretary, that collected the subscription fees to push the Corresponding Secretary, that dispatched and received the newsy notes for the Second Vice-President, that gathered the news to aid the First Vice-President, that wrote the weekly letter to that paper for the deaf, that interested the Chicago Pas-a-Pas Club President, that presided in the house that Jack built.



And this is Jack all jolly and pleasant, who edits the paper for the deaf and works hard for their interest, and kindly furnishes with commission, postage stamps, addressed envelopes, to help the Sergeant-at-Arms all able-bodied, that guards the door for the Trustee, that examines the recording book to satisfy the Recording Secretary (fired and contented), that keeps the record to save the Treasurer all shaved, that sits by the desk and cashes the money to the editor from the Financial Secretary, that collects the subscription fees to push the Corresponding Secretary, that dispatched and received the newsy notes for the Second Vice-President, that gathered the news to aid the First Vice-President, that wrote the weekly letter to that paper for the deaf, that interested the Chicago Pas-a-Pas Club President, that presided in the house that Jack built.



This is "Chicago," that detected the above mentioned persons and brought them before the public, with a humble bow.

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WEST VIRGINIA.

[Send news for this department to John C. Brenner, 3223 Jacob Street, Wheeling, W. Va.]

A New Year! There is a novelty, a subtle yet compelling fascination, ever associated with what is new and unspoiled. For the old, respect; for the new, admiration. Former years may have brought disappointments and heart aches, though looking back now, through the mists of distance, the lesson each failure taught may be apparent and we can trace a steady growth toward the ideal, hardly perceptible perhaps at the time, but having an important bearing none the less. Though the path may not be the one first selected, the destination need not be changed thereby.

But with the New Year come simultaneously new hopes, new aims, a more steadfast purpose, a desire to open a fresh page unburied by worthless memories. "A work well begun is half done," said an ancient philosopher, and so the year well begun carries with it much of promise. Nothing is done so well that there is not room for improvement, and in all times, under all conditions, the supply of the best falls far short of the demand.

During the past year the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL has been well supplied with West Virginia letters, reaching subscribers in this State very regularly. This New Year will look for a bigger circulation. New opportunities come with the New Year, new ideas, new points of view. Retain best thoughts of the old, and make the best of the new.

A Happy New Year and a prosperous one, is our wish to all.

Mr. John E. Applegate, of Welch, was the last one to subscribe for the JOURNAL at the death of old Father Time of 1903.

All the deaf here are overjoyed that the Wheeling and Elm Grove street cars have begun to run to West Alexander, a distance of fifteen miles. The new railway will soon be pushed to Claysville, Pa., and possibly to Washington, Pa. There are several mutes residing along the new line, and it will doubtlessly mean more good times for the deaf here and there.

Miss Laura May, of Lovejoy, disposed of a delicious Chris dinner at Hadley.

Mr. Percy C. Eller, of Pittsburg, Pa., had a brief, but pleasant Christmas vacation here. His address is 316 Hawkins Avenue, Rankin Station.

Shortly before Christmas some dissatisfaction made Mr. Alexander J. McMullen give up his job at Shinnston, so he returned to his old home in Pennsylvania.

It is reported here that Mr. Peter Gilooly, who moved to Cleveland, O., last spring, has been employed for two weeks or so in the advertising department of the Wheeling News.

The reporter, Tuesday night, attended a meeting of cigar-makers, who made a strong motion to join the Cigar-maker's International Union. A charter will be granted them this month.

Mr. John A. Boland was back in Romney Monday last, from New Haven, Pa., where he enjoyed Christmas. His wife is staying there longer.

Mr. Grant Keener, of Benwood, who, during his holiday vacation has been in town several times, will return to work in the Wheeling Iron and Steel Mill on Monday next.

Mr. Thomas Gain has been, this week, in Kingwood, the guest of Mr. Maurice Jackson, the boys' supervisor of the Romney School, and then will return to West Union, to render assistance to his sick father.

Instead of being at Prudence and Matewan, Mr. Charles Burgess is working at Central City.

A very quiet Christmas party occurred at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Frazier, over the river. Those at the party were: Miss Ada Anderson, the unborn-haired girl, hailing from Sardis, O., and Messrs. Percy C. Eller, Willie R. Alexander, Herbert Stoeb, William C. Seamon, Peter Gilooly, and Chapline Watson.

Jan. 2, '04. J. C. B.

BASKET BALL.

"Silent Five"

-VS-

Bethany B. B. T.

AT

POLO ATHLETIC CLUB
129th St. and Park Ave.

Saturday Evening,
January 9, 1904

AT 8:30

Preliminary Game—
"QUIET FIVE" vs. POLO A. C.

ADMISSION, - - - 25 CENTS

The Gallaudet Memorial.

It is proposed to create a memorial to the late Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, D.D., by the erection of a Parish Building for St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes. The present Church is situated on 148th Street, just west of Amsterdam Avenue, and is built some twenty-five feet back from the line of the street to permit the erection of such a building as above indicated, which will form a facade to the church edifice and be a center of religious and social life amongst the silent peoples. Dr. Gallaudet hoped during his lifetime to see the erection of this building, which would have completed the church with which his name has always been associated. This was not permitted, and it is suggested as a most fitting memorial to him that this work be now undertaken. St. Ann's Church is used wholly for the deaf mutes.

The new building will occupy a plot of ground about forty-five feet along the street front and twenty-five feet in depth. It will be three stories in height, with a basement, and will be used for the social, religious and industrial needs of the deaf-mutes of New York. The amount required for "The Gallaudet Memorial Parish Building" will be about \$30,000, and the building itself, in its position and purpose, will form a conspicuous monument to him whose life was devoted to the silent peoples. They themselves heartily endorse the memorial.

Subscriptions may be sent to the

HON. THOS. L. JAMES, Treasurer,
Lincoln National Bank,
Forty-second Street, East,
New York, N. Y.

COMMITTEE OF ENDORSEMENT.

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Dr. J. Howard Reed, Junior Warden of St. Matthew's Parish, 120 West 87th Street
The Hon. Thomas L. James, Treasurer, Lincoln National Bank, Forty-second Street, East, New York

SECOND ANNUAL

Masquerade Ball AND Carnival

OF THE
Brooklyn Deaf-Mutes' Club

AT THE
New Leiderkranz Hall
152-154 Manhattan Avenue, corner Meserole Street, Brooklyn.

Saturday Evening,
January 30, 1904.

MUSIC BY PROF. AMBROSE K. REIFF.

TICKETS, - - - 25 CENTS

Committee of Arrangements.

JOHN D. BUCKLEY, Chairman.
P. F. Redington, G. V. Warren,
J. E. Taplin, T. O'Grady.

Prizes will be awarded the best costumed lady and gentlemen portraying the subject they present.

How to Reach the Hall.

Take Ferry from foot of Roosevelt Street, or Grand Street, or East 23d Street, or 42d Street, or Houston Street. Arriving in Brooklyn take Bushwick Avenue trolley cars from the Bridge take the Graham Avenue trolley cars, and tell the conductor to stop at Leiderkranz Hall.

It is the intention of the Brooklyn Deaf-Mutes' Club to make this occasion far surpass any ever yet undertaken, and in addition to the usual features, they have arranged for a grand carnival. Mr. Warren will have charge of the carnival end of the programme, and we think from present indications, will make things hum.

THE attention of graduates of the old Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf, and others, is respectfully called to the following announcement:

I have a very few lithographs of the old school, containing, besides portraits of Mr. Potter and Dr. Crozier, former principals, twelve views of the Institution. It is a fine picture in black and white, size 25x32 inches, and was published about twenty years ago.

I have, also, a few hundred lithographic Gallaudet Alphabet Cards, the finest ever published, in 13 colors and gold. The size is 6x10 inches. They are also to give particular hearing friends. There is a card within a card, a blank space on which you can write your name and present your compliments. A marked sample copy will be sent to any address on receipt of 10 cents. The cards will not be sold in lots less than half a dozen for 50 cents, or \$1.00 per baker's dozen.

On account of the demand being greater than the supply, the price of the Institution picture has been raised to \$2.00 per copy, mailing 10 cents extra. A deposit of 50 cents sent at once to Mr. Elwell will secure you a copy until January 1st, 1904.

J. T. ELWELL,
421 North 10th Street,
Philadelphia, Pa.

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Enliven Both Old and Young.

SOCIAL AND DRAMATIC

ENTERTAINMENT

OF

The New Jersey Deaf-Mute Society

[For the Increase of the Death Fund.]

Saturday evening,
January 16, 1904

Chester Row Hall

169 Halsey Street Newark, N. J.

Dramatic Performance to be participated in by Mr. and Mrs. John M. Black and other members

ADMISSION, - - - 25 CENTS

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS:

Charles Casella, John M. Black,
Edward Manning.

John M. Black,.....Stage Manager

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Do not be deceived by those who advertise a \$60.00 Sewing Machine for \$20.00. This kind of a machine can be bought from us or any of our dealers from \$15.00 to \$18.00.

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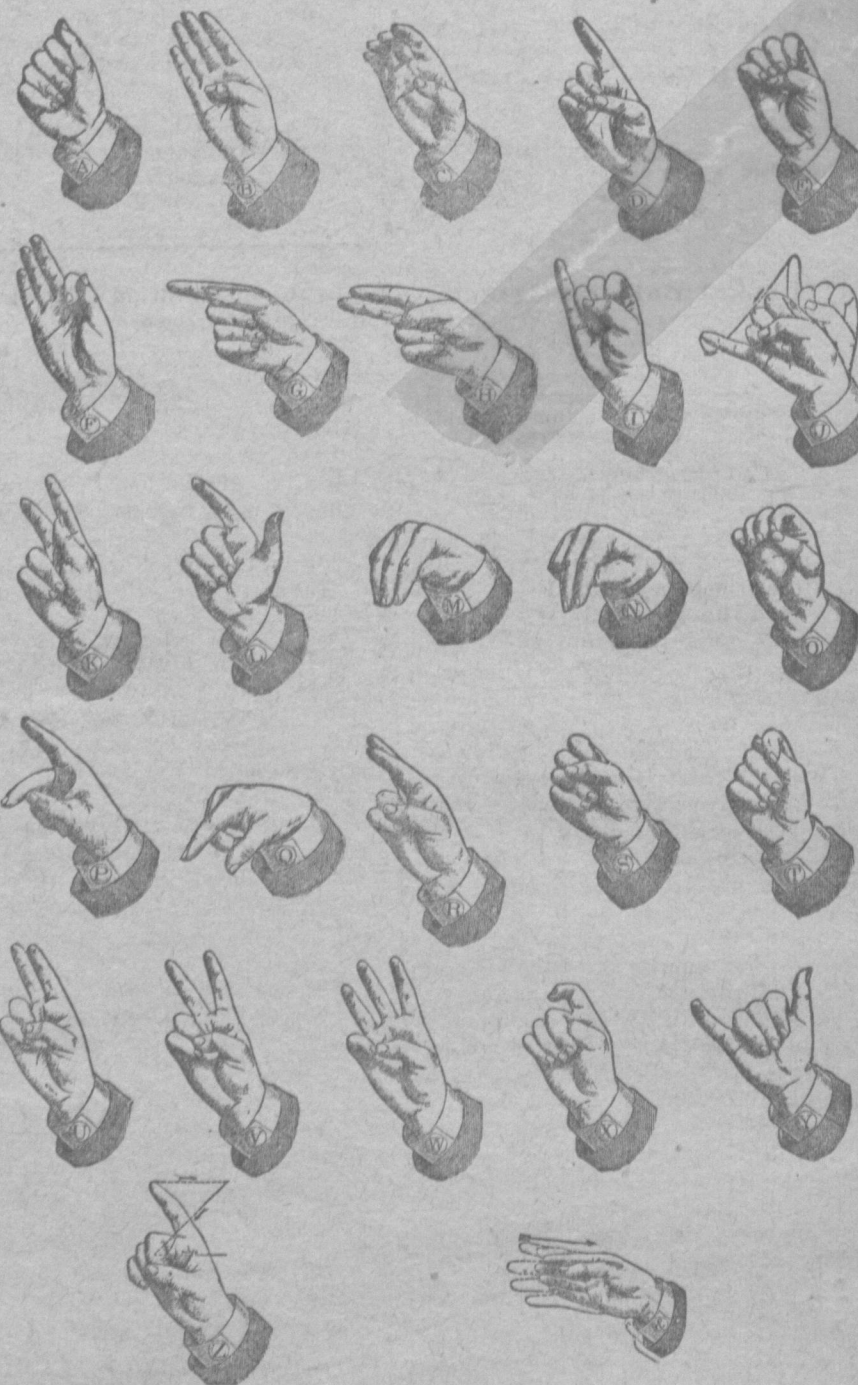
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Entertainment and Reception

OF THE

League of Elect Surds

Majestic Hall, 125th Street, Bet. Park and Lexington Aves.

Thursday Evening, January 14, 1904

Through the courtesy of Mr. Enoch Henry Carrier, M.A., Principal of the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, we are able to present—

I.—EXHIBITION DRILL by Company C, Fanwood Cadets, Captain Samuel Freedman.

II.—GYMNASTIC EXHIBITION by a selected team from the Fanwood Athletic Association.

III.—SELECTIONS rendered by the Fanwood Fife, Bugle and Drum Corps:

1. Canadian Rag-time March—Bohemian Bugles and Drums. 4. The Cambells Are Coming, and Auld Lang Syne—Fifes and Drums.
2. To Arms (French)—Bohemian Bugles and Drums. 5. March "The Union." Introducing Dixie, Yankees Doodle and Star Spangled Banner—Fifes and Drums.
3. "Hiawatha" March—Fifes and Drums.

IV.—The Entertainment will conclude with the production of a one act Comedy Farce entitled

"THE DRUMMER'S RETURN," OR "THE WRONG FLAT."

[Adapted by Mr. C. J. LeClerc.]

TIME.....The Present. PLACE.....An Apartment on Lenox Ave.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Mr. John Noolywed.....Mr. Murray Campbell
Mrs. John Noolywed.....Miss Violet Pearce
Mr. Robert Sellwood.....Mr. C. J. LeClerc
Mrs. Robert Sellwood.....Miss Mabel Pearce
Bridget.....Mr. W. G. Jones

To be followed by Dancing.

Music by Prof. Reiff.

Admission, - - - 50 cents
Reserved Seats, - - - 75 cents

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ALEXANDER L. PACH, Chairman.
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